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385

BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES, No. 1.

Jan. 1801. Oct. 1868.

MRS. DEBORAH B. LAPHAM WADE.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

OF THE WEST.

"They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise."

CHICAGO:

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MORNING.

"We take, with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor wish it less;
And count it joy, that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait, for Thee,
Whose will be done."

The annals of missionary lives are replete with examples of burdens borne "with solemn thankfulness," of suffering, joyfully accepted, for Jesus' sake; of service, distasteful in itself, gladly performed, that Christ might be honored, and "His will be done." From the long list of faithful ones, we recall with reverence, those, who, in the infancy of missions, amid countless difficulties, and in untrodden paths, wrought patiently and bravely, with no record of past success to cheer them, and with few to share their faith, in the future conquests of the gospel in heathen lands.

To-day, when the world has every where witnessed its triumphs, we turn back the record, to sketch, briefly, the life and labors of one of these early toilers who passed long since to her home among the sanctified, Mrs. D. B. L. Wade.

Deborah B. Lapham was born in Nelson, N. Y. Her life spanned the years from Jan. 10th, 1801, to Oct. 5th, 1868, and ended in Tavoy, Burma. It was a life of loving, humble, earnest service for her Lord, and for the souls He died to save. It involved self-sacrifice, weariness, and suffering, that the end she sought might be attained, and included forty-five years of missionary toil in a heathen land.

It was also a life "hid with Christ in God," and rich in those spiritual gifts and graces, that come to the soul, only

through unfaltering faith, and persistent, pleading prayer, and make to their possessor, "all suffering joyous, and all labor light."

Changes came to her in her early childhood, by her mother's death, her father's removal to Hamilton, N. Y., when she was about ten years old, and by his second marriage to Mrs. Wheeler. In her new home, her active, happy temperament, and attractive person, soon made her the leader of a large social circle, and, in the family group she became to the new mother a valued helper, to the younger sisters, a loving companion and counsellor. One of these, still living, writes of her, "I think very few sisters ever had a better influence, than my dear sister Wade."

At the age of eighteen, she publicly consecrated herself to Christ, and foreshadowed her future life by the earnestness of her exhortations, and the power of her words over her young friends, as she went from house to house, entreating them to accept her Saviour, and share her joy. "Deborah was converted a missionary," said her father, as he witnessed her zeal and her success, and soon the hand of her Heavenly Father pointed out her path.

Hamilton was already a recognized centre of religious power. A missionary society, to send the gospel to the new settlements in western New York, then almost a wilderness, had been formed in 1807, and here, years before active work for them began, earnest prayer for the salvation of the heathen, had gone up from the church in Hamilton. So, when God through Judson, called Baptists to the front, it was accepted as an answer to prayer. Soon, the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution was founded, "for the training of a God-called ministry, who should preach Christ where He was not already known." To this school as its first student, in 1818, came Jonathan Wade, who graduated

in 1822, and was ordained at Broadalbin, N. Y., in the same year.

Meantime, after ten years in Burma, Mrs. Judson came home to restore her wasted energies, bringing fresh tidings of the little mission at Rangoon. The world seemed larger then, than now, for only sailing vessels traversed the ocean, messages were half a year in passing, and Burma was very far away, and was comparatively little known. So, the missives penned in the invalid's quiet room in Baltimore, where the winter was passed, found eager readers, and awakened in many hearts, a deeper interest in her work, and, when she returned, Rev. Jonathan Wade, and Mrs. Deborah B. L. Wade, had already pledged themselves to each other, and to God, and were ready to accompany her.

Designation services at Utica, in which Rev. John Peck and Alfred Bennett participated, and the parting service at Boston, where they joined Mrs. Judson, were full of tender interest. An impressive prayer was made at the wharf by Dr. Baldwin, and as the boat passed to the ship, all joined at Mrs. Wade's request, in singing, "From whence does this union arise." They sailed June 22nd, and reached Rangoon Dec. 5th, 1823. Dr. Price and Mr. Hough and wife had joined the mission during Mrs. Judson's absence, and Mr. Judson awaited her return, to aid Dr. Price in the establishment of a new mission at Ava.

A week later, Messrs. Wade and Hough, with their wives, were left in charge of the mission at Rangoon, where eighteen converts had been gathered. The New Testament had also been translated. The future seemed full of promise, and they settled to their work with happy, hopeful hearts. A few quiet months passed by, and then the shadows of war encompassed them, falling first upon Rangoon, and afterward, as the army passed up the river, bringing long and fearful

suffering to the friends at Ava. Who, that reads these pages, does not know its terrible story?

"The war had its origin, in feuds which had long existed on the frontiers of Chittagong, and which were unusually violent among the Burmans, on account of their jealousy of the wide extension of British power." These culminated in the raising of a large army by the King of Burma, for the invasion of Chittagong. The English in turn, by rapidly sending a fleet to the Irrawady, transferred the field of conflict to their own territory.

At Rangoon, the arrival of the English fleet, was the signal for the arrest, by the Burman power, of every foreigner, lest they might be spies; and no explanation of the "missionaries," that they were not English, but Americans, and in no way connected with the English Government, availed them. Messrs. Wade and Hough were seized and hurried away to bonds and imprisonment, to insult and threatened death. They escaped the last, only through the cowardice of their keepers, who stood armed, with orders to behead them at the first gun from the ships, but at the first volley, fled in terror. Others took their places, but their hands were stayed from their purpose in the same way. The ladies of the mission, left without protection, were exposed to the persecutions of their merciless enemies, and, disguised as Burmans, fled from place to place, hiding from their pursuers. They found shelter, at last, in a little bamboo shed, out of sight of passers by, but within range of the English guns. Here they remained, until the sound of the bugle, assured them of the approach of English troops. Throwing aside their Burman disguise, they hastened to seek their protection, for they had, the previous day, seen their husbands driven at the point of the spear to the place of execution, and supposed them no longer living. But God had guarded and preserved, and soon restored them.

Mrs. Wade, writing from Calcutta, whither they went a few months later, says:

"As no ship had arrived, from any port, we had no knowledge that war was declared, until the English fleet appeared in the river. The scene which ensued, can not be described, nor ever forgotten. But it was allowed by a kind, indulgent Father, and I am sure, you would, with us, more than ever, adore the riches of Divine grace, could you know how we were supported through the most trying scenes. The grace of God was sufficient for me. I did not in the least, regret that I had left my happy home, for this heathen land; I was confident that God had marked our path for us, and that He owned and blessed the sacrifice. We used often to say, we would be willing to suffer any thing but death, if the English would take Rangoon, so that the Burmans could come to us without fear of Government.

"How little we knew what awaited us. We do not, however, regret our sufferings, since there is now such a prospect of the future prosperity of the mission."

The war continued for two years, but ended with the possession by the English, of Arracan, and the Tennasserim provinces, leaving Rangoon still under Burman rule.

The English headquarters were established at Amherst. Here the Judsons had found shelter, under English protection, and here, in Nov., 1826, the Wades came from Calcutta to join them. They found the mission desolate. Mr. Judson had returned to Ava, to assist in making a treaty of peace, and, in his absence, Mrs. Judson had built her a bamboo house, gathered a little school about her, and then, uncheered by any earthly presence, had turned a month before, from the toils and trials of earth, to the rest and peace of heaven. Mrs. Wade, at once, reopened the school, and took to her arms, and to her loving heart, the motherless child of Mrs. Judson, "on whose wasted form death had already set his seal." January brought back the bereaved husband, the sorrowing father. But love and care alike were vain, and in April, the little one rested by its mother's side. Truly the mission at Amherst "was laid in lowliness of spirit, in suffering, and in tears."

Within the year, Government headquarters were removed twenty-five miles up the river, to Maulmain. The population at Amherst at once declined, and the missionaries followed the Government, and made Maulmain the second missionary station in Burma.

So short the time, and yet, Amherst is a consecrated spot, sacred, for the treasures buried there, hallowed by the precious friendships cemented in those hours of sorrow and disappointment, forever glorified by the wondrous displays of Divine grace that were the fruitage of those days of desolation.

One has said, "It is doubtful, if any one can do his noblest, or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering," and surely in these sad months at Amherst, "amid the wreck of ruined hopes," God was preparing these three, for a long united work, in the evangelization of Burma. Henceforth, their letters, and their lives, evince a spirit of more entire consecration of everything to Christ, a closer fellowship with His sufferings, a deeper humility, and an increased devotion to the work before them.

The nature, and results of this experience in Mrs. Wade, can be best understood by her own words, in a letter addressed in March, 1830, to her sister, Mrs. Handy, in which she says:

"How little do we remember, that the life of our *sorrowing*, *suffering*, *Saviour*, is given us as a pattern for our lives. If we will begin to renounce self-love, and the world, we shall then also begin to perceive something of the Divine mystery of the cross, by which, Paul says, 'I am *crucified* to the world, and the world unto me." You have, no doubt, perceived by our letters, that, for the last two years, our minds have been very deeply and solemnly impressed with regard to a holy life.

"I think what the Bible calls the love of God, is too little understood, and still less felt, by many Christians. We have a little faith, a little repentance, and God will therefore own and save us, for the sake of His dear Son. But the love of God, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, union with Christ, and all those higher attainments, which are the privilege of redeemed souls, are, we fear, little understood by those whose lives are so conformed to the world. I am convinced, my dear sister, that if we could truly renounce the world, and, disregarding the opinions of men,

just look upward, and make it our daily study to do the will of God in all things, we should, by the rich grace of Christ, feel that sweet peace in our minds that passeth all understanding, and that assurance of adoption, that we so much admire in the Apostles and primitive Christians.

"Before God called away our dear sister Judson, I had followed the example of other missionaries, without special thought about the duty of living a more holy life, and was about as much conformed to the world as when in America, but since the very solemn impressions we have had upon the subject, we have given up all the valuable presents, and the little money we could call our own, everything that is not necessary to life and health. I should not feel a clear conscience if I had a single dress laid away to gratify my pride, while a dollar is wanting to feed the poor, or to spread the glorious gospel through the world."

In this spirit of devotion, the mission and school were removed to Maulmain, in Nov. 1827. Soon eight of the girls in the school were converted. The work extended, and at the close of 1829 there were 49 native disciples.

The early part of 1830 found Mr. and Mrs. Wade at Rangoon, strengthening the little band of disciples left there, at the opening of the war, and instructing the newly appointed pastor, Ko-thah-a. At its close they were again at Maulmain, with rapidly failing health, and Mrs. Wade pleading with her physician to be allowed to remain, and not be compelled to 'leave all she loves below the skies, and run away,' as he counselled her to do.

Two years of fruitless effort to restore their wasting power amid incessant labors, and in the sultry heat of India, made evident the imperative necessity of change of climate, and after ten years absence, they returned to their own land, bringing with them two of the native converts, a Burman and a Karen. They arrived in Boston May 11th, 1833.

There are some, yet living, who remember that homecoming, and the year of blessed awakening to the cause of missions, that followed in our American churches. The long sea voyage had greatly benefited both Mr. and Mrs. Wade, but, at the request of the Board, they remained in this country until the following year, resting, as our returned mission-

aries are usually allowed to do, "in labors more abundant."

Eight new missionaries were already under appointment, and a school for the study of the Burmese language, under the instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and their native assistants, was opened in Hamilton, N. Y. Besides these duties, they met a large convention of western Baptists in the autumn at Cincinnati, O., and in the following spring made the tour of the Atlantic cities, as far as Georgia. In these, and other cities, Mrs. Wade addressed large meetings of ladies who desired to hear her, but for whom it was not practicable to obtain a personal interview.

In neat, but inexpensive attire, she stood before these audiences of the gay and fashionable, "with pleasant voice and a face beaming with Christian affection," and won all hearts by the simple story of her own heart-felt experiences. She spoke to them of the character of heathen worship, the degradation of heathen women, the marvelous change wrought in them by the power of the gospel, the increasing facilities for reaching them by the press, also of the pain of refusing the call for books, or tracts, (from lack of means to print them), that would show them the way to be saved. This was followed by a plea to American women, to lay aside all superfluities in dress and living, that they might share in this blessed work for Christ. These appeals, sustained by her own consecrated life, could not be fruitless. Useless jewelry, and other adornings, often, in those years, found place in missionary collections, and many learned from her lips, lessons that never were forgotten.

Their visit drew near its close. Their presence, and earnest words, had given an impulse to missionary zeal, that appeared in larger contributions, and in a more confident faith in the results of missionary labor. In the mission stations, their absence had been keenly felt, and, from beyond the sea, Mr.

Judson wrote: "May the Lord bring safely back, my dearest, best beloved brother and sister Wade."

To them, the romance of mission life was past. The morning mists had long since been lifted, and before their unclouded vision, the rugged outline of their field of toil, lay stretched out before them.

Yet, with unswerving purpose, and unfaltering step, aye, with great longing of heart, they girded themselves anew for the service, "counting it all joy" to bear Christ's message to the ends of the earth.

MID-DAY.

"Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as Heaven's own healing air,
I work, or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare."

The brig "Cashmere" left Boston, July 2d, 1834, with the largest company of missionaries that had yet been sent out by the "Baptist Convention." Messrs. Dean, Vinton, Howard, and Comstock, with their wives, Osgood, a printer, and wife, and Miss Ann P. Gardner, afterward Mrs. Abbott, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and their native converts, making a company of Christians numbering fifteen.

Of the ocean passage Mrs. Wade wrote, Nov. 18th:

"We have been now nearly five months tossing on these rolling billows, and fear it may be three or four weeks more before we reach the shores of Burma. We have had on the whole, a pleasant voyage, and much cause for thankfulness. We have regular service every Sabbath, two weekly prayer meetings, a Bible class, and evening worship, all in the large dining saloon, and attended by the officers and crew, and happy, happy seasons we have enjoyed. You will readily imagine that fifteen persons, all setting out to spend their lives in a heathen land, would be very happy in each other's society. This has been our privilege, but what is more, the blessed Holy Spirit has been poured out, our souls have been made to rejoice in God, and several have been brought into His kingdom. Truly we have been 'sitting in heavenly places,' and thus, I trust, preparing for our work among the heathen."

Dating from the Indian Ocean, she wrote of the kind attention received in Boston from Mrs. Haven, and others, and of the preparation made by them for their comfort during the voyage, of "several good strong gingham dresses" that were given her, more expensive ones having been declined. During her stay in America many gifts had come to her for her own personal use, but her wants were few, her outfit simple,

and two hundred dollars went into the mission treasury,"and," she said, "the thought that this money will purchase many Bibles and tracts, for those who never heard of a Savior, gives me more pleasure than all I ever enjoyed of the pleasures and vanities of the world." Mr. Wade was able also to give a considerable sum. "I trust the time will never come, that we shall want a single dollar to lay aside and call our own. I have been very much afraid that my visit to America might tempt me to love the world and want more of it, and that the kindness of friends might puff me up, to think I am something when I am nothing. I think, however, the Lord has enabled me generally to 'lie low,' and I am sure I never before felt so deep hatred of myself on account of sin, as since I came on board this ship."

December brought them again to Maulmain, but their work waited them elsewhere. Tavoy, one hundred and forty miles down the coast, and thirty miles up the Tavoy river from the sea, was the third center of missionary effort. Here Boardman and his wife with four boys from the school at Maulmain had gone in 1828. Here he labored and died crowned with success. Mrs. Boardman had remained until April, 1834, when she left as the wife of Dr. Judson, and here, early in 1835, the Wades were welcomed by Mr. aud Mrs. Mason. Before his visit to America, Mr. Wade had reduced to writing the Sgau, one of the Karen dialects, and now he gave his time to the same work for the Pwos, and, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Mason, began the preparation of books and tracts and Bible translations in both languages.

On Mrs. Wade, meantime, rested the care of the Karen schools in Tavoy. These included day-schools that were in part supported by the Government, boarding schools for the Karen children from the jungle, and a normal-school for the training of teachers and preachers. For this work she was

specially fitted, as she spoke the language, and having no children of her own, she took to her heart these children of the Karens and native Christians, and found in the work a mutual blessing. Thirteen years of noiseless labor followed, in which she cared for these schools during the rains from April to October, and in the dry season visited the jungles with her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade were the first to visit the Karen villages of Mergui with the gospel; and a more interesting reception than was given them there, it is difficult to imagine. They were led by an intelligent chief, now a pillar in the church, and were met on their arrival by several young women, whom he had invited, among others, to meet them, singing a hymn, of which the first verse and chorus was:

"The Lord, His messengers doth send,
And He Himself will quickly come;
The priests of Boodh, whose reign is short,
Must leave the place to make them room."

Several villages of converted Karens, had been gathered, and taught habits of cleanliness and industry. Some of these were on the head waters of the Tavoy river, and were comparatively easy of access. The most flourishing of these villages was "in the midst of a luxurious plain," beyond almost inaccessible mountains, two days' journey from Tavoy, and could only be reached on foot. This is Mata so charmingly sketched by Mrs. Chaplin, in "Our Gold Mine." The long walk "where no horse could penetrate, the narrow path over steep cliffs, the repose at night in the open air, that these mountain homes might be taught the way of salvation; and the group of disciples who had come out to meet the teachers, encircling them during hours of sleep, lest danger come to them, make a beautiful picture of unselfish service, both in the Christian teacher and the Christian convert.

The Sabbath morning at Mata was spent in preaching and

administering the ordinances, then came Bible study, visiting the sick, and meetings for prayer. The next morning the Missionaries pass on to visit other villages scattered among the mountains, and Mata is left in the care of Mrs. Wade.

For eight years she watched over their interests alone, and her own pen thus outlines her work: "A meeting at the Zayat, every morning at sunrise, the care of a school of seventy pupils, administering to the sick, instructing the Karen sisters, and watching over the church as well as I am able in Mr. Wade's absence, occupies my time the few months I am there." Added to this, were the Sabbath Bible readings and explanations to the hundreds of Karens that, every Sabbath, listened with eager interest to her words. Many were converted, and every year when Mr. Wade returned he found numbers desiring baptism.

By the marriage and removal of Miss Gardner, in 1837, and Mrs. Mason's return to America, the following year, the Tavoy schools engrossed still more of Mrs. Wade's time during the rains, and the girl's school was for a time relinquished. A letter written to Mrs. O'Brien, in April, 1840, explains itself. Mrs. Mason had returned to Burma without additional helpers, and Mrs. Wade wrote:

"At last I am left to labor in the female and school department entirely alone. So I try to teach the boys and young preachers, as well as I can, and get Mr. Wade, and Mr. Mason, to devote a little time, daily, to the preachers, while my poor girls must be left in the jungles all the best time in the year for study. One and another of them write, 'The tears run down my eyes, when I think of mama, and that I can not see her all these long rains.' So tears, most bitter tears, run down my cheeks, as I look back to my dear native land, and see so many who might come and help us, without the least hope that any help will be sent. But I am not so depressed as to hinder my work. To see precious souls converted, and Christ thus glorified, prevents my longing intensely to depart, and be with Him. When, however, on account of sickness, I think it may be the will of God to call me, my mind is filled with inexpressible joy. O! to be with Christ, and to be like Him. I know He can fill my place with others who can do this delightful work far better than I have ever done it. So I have only to wait until it is His good pleasure to call me home.

"Our prospects continue very interesting. During the last five months, twenty-five Karens have been baptized here; and at Mergui, five Burmans are waiting baptism. Is not this encouraging? At Mata, sixteen of our beloved pupils were baptized at one time, just before we left, in March last. All of them had been converted a year or more. Don't you think I was very happy, sitting on the banks of this lovely stream, to see them follow Christ in this precious ordinance? And what do you fancy were my thoughts as I sat there. First, 'Now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord,' and then, How will all these dear pupils adorn the triumphs of Christ, when He comes, with power and great glory. The thought of Christ's coming to be glorified by His saints, and admired by all them that believe, has been exceedingly sweet to me."

The mountain visits were often attended with sickness, and in 1843, she wrote:

"I think it very probable that my next excursion may prove fatal. A dreadful fever followed my last trip to the river villages, though Mr. Wade was with me, and every thing was made easy, and yet, I think I shall get a little strength, and try it again. How can I help it? Mr. Wade is delicate at best, and is sure to get sick if I am not with him, and we have six hundred baptised and asking for baptism, to look after. Mr. Mason is also feeble, and none of the others can speak Karen."

In acknowledging the receipt of copies of the *Mother's Journal*, sent by Mrs. Talmage, of New York, she says:

"The fevers contracted by living in the jungles, traveling over the mountains on foot, sleeping on the ground, etc., have so reduced my strength that I am often able to do little more than to recline on a lounge, and amuse myself with a book. You will recollect, invalids in heathen lands have to be mostly alone, for it would be a double affliction to take the time of any one, when there is so much to do. I have not been allowed to go into the jungle at all this year, so the books have been invaluable, during the loneliness and fever while Mr. Wade is absent. I have the comfort of a fine girls' school around me. I can teach but little, but it prospers under my Karen assistants, with aid from sisters Mason and Bennett. While our husbands were in the jungles, we had a meeting for the school which resulted in the conversion of eleven pupils."

At her first visit to Mata, Mrs. Wade organized a "Maternal Association" of sixty members. At the end of eight years, more than a hundred of the children of these mothers had been converted. Her own experience had strengthened her faith in prayer, and in the early conversion of children. Her love embraced alike, those under her own care, the children of her missionary sisters, and the home friends across the ocean. To one of these last she wrote:

"Not being a mother myself, I felt the need of helps, in training the numbers of Karen children under my care, and your present was very acceptable. I would like to hear from you again, with a particular account of children converted in your association, and what means have been most blessed. This will help me. I want to know whether you find God a prayer answering God. If not, what, think you, are the reasons you do not receive the fulfillment of His rich promises to us? Can we offer effectual prayer without His spirit in our hearts? Will the blessed Spirit *abide* with us, unless we submit our wills entirely to God's will? Should any one come in this spirit, and trust God's promises in simple faith, do you think God's word would fail?"

Again, she says:

"It is now three years since I visited my dear Mata home. But I hear from the mother's meetings that are held every week, and every year a goodly number are added to the church. There is one object for which I beg the prayers of your Association, and the tears fall as I ask it, it is that we missionary sisters may be permitted to present to Christ at His glorious coming all the dear children whom God has given us. There is now a lovely number of them, and most of them must be trained by those who cannot love as a mother loves. But, I do expect every one of them will be made a precious jewel to adorn the Savior's crown. And why? Because I have never heard such persevering, agonizing prayer as from these missionary mothers."

To Mrs. I. M. Allen, she writes, in the year 1845:

"Your notes and books have been kindly welcomed. The care of so many Karen children, who have never known subjection to parental authority, has made me deeply solicitous as to my best course with them. Self-government seems, here, for young and old, our best recourse. I have been surpised and delighted at the readiness, with which very young children may be induced to enter upon the work of breaking up bad habits. Children must be made to feel that the responsibility is theirs. Others may teach or direct, but they alone must do the work. Then, if they fail, or get discouraged, as they will at first, time and attention and sympathy must be given, and help to form resolutions, and exert greater watchfulness."

To a missionary sister:

"I have been thinking of your two oldest children for a few days past. They are old enough to give their hearts understandingly to the Savior. How would you feel if Eddy was now called away without having an evidence that he had been born again? I have thought, lately, more than usual of the children of missionaries, because I have been laboring for the conversion of some of my Karen pupils. Three weeks ago, I began to speak to some of them, and six came forward and said, they 'wished to get a new heart now,' but two of the finest and most intelligent boys, said frankly, they 'would rather play now, and wait till the

dry season.' I told them they could do as they liked, that giving the heart to God was entirely between themselves and Him, and I began my little meeting with six, and prayed also for them. The next day they came and begged to attend the meetings. The two Sabbaths following were observed with them as a solemn fast, with prayer. At the end of three weeks, all hope that their sins are forgiven, and that God's Spirit is abiding with them. One who was converted two years ago, said that his heart was cold, and he wished to come, and thinks he has received greater strength to overcome sin than ever before. Of course, we never think of baptizing such children until they return to the jungle, and give evidence of a new life at home, but from careful observation for ten years, I think the large number of Karen children converted through such efforts, have given as good evidence as other converts."

To a friend in Maulmain, she wrote:

"The doctor says, a year or two in a cold climate is the only remedy for fever and the debility thus induced. *Can* it be my duty to do any such thing as that, in the present state of the funds of the Board, especially as there are so many bereaved brethren and motherless babes to go? I want to know the will of God, and am ready to do any thing or go any where He shall direct. The upward prospect is glorious, and, it seems, the summons at any time will cause joy inexpressible. If our faint glimpses of that glory are so enrapturing to the soul, what must it be to rest in the bosom of Infinite love! Your remarks upon that rest filled my eyes with grateful joy. Why should you not my dear brother and sister, enter the land of Beulah and dwell there?

"How ardent must be your feelings for dear A., now she is getting so large and intelligent. Have you ever set your hearts upon a time, and prepared yourselves and her for it, and then labored for her immediate conversion, as Jacob wrestled, on that night never to be forgotten while the world stands? Such have been the means which have been blessed to my Karen pupils, for several years past, and the tears come unbidden, as I glance back to scenes in the jungle, where my room seemed the gate of heaven, and the immediate presence of the triune God has filled me

> 'With that sacred awe that dared not move,
> And all the silent heaven of love.'"

While still hoping to get strength to visit her pupils again in their mountain homes, a new trial came to them. Mr. Wade, who for four years had visited the river villages without her, found his sight failing, and his physician counseled entire rest of mind and eyes, as his only hope of escape from total blindness. Of this, in Aug., 1846, Mrs. Wade said:

"Since my recovery from those frequent attacks of fever, induced by living in the jungle villages, we have indulged in the fond hope of being

permitted to spend our lives with these eight hundred precious disciples, and now that brother Mason's health has failed, it is doubly trying to think of leaving our station. Mr. Wade is extremely reluctant to leave before he has finished his vocabulary, but the doctor says, there is not the least hope of recovery in this climate, and another year's residence here might deprive him of sight entirely."

In December, Mr. Wade once more visited Ta ville and Newville, the river villages north of Tavoy. The meetings were very solemn. The whole year had been a "season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and at these meetings, special power seemed to come, in answer to prayer. "No preaching or exhortations seemed to reach the hearts of the people as did the supplications and confession of sin, when all were bowed in supplication to God." Sixteen were baptized. A visit to Mata was to have followed, but neither Mr. Wade or Mr. Mason were able to climb the mountains, and a meeting was at length arranged at the base on the Tavoy side, where Mr. Boardman finished his labors, with the hope that Mrs. Wade might be able to be present. That hope was illusive. The Karens entered heartily into the plan, but before they had completed the necessary preparations, Mr. Mason was obliged to try the benefit of a sea-voyage, and Mrs. Wade to remain at her Tavoy home, while Mr. Wade, borne in a chair, accompanied by Mr. Cross, set out alone. We quote from Mr. Wade's journal.

"We started at an early hour, and before sunset, one party of Karens after another came out to meet us, but were sadly disappointed not to see Mrs. Wade, as they had hoped. Many, in feeble health, and others, too old to think of enduring the fatigue of crossing the mountains, had made a great effort to do so, that they might once more enjoy the privilege of seeing their beloved 'mama,' as they called her. They bore the disappointment in silence, but their looks showed, better than words can express, how truly and sincerely they loved her, who had taken those long wearisome journeys, and climbed those rugged mountains eight years in succession, to teach them and their children the way to heaven. It was a very busy time in the rice fields, but nearly two hundred assembled on Thursday, and remained until the meetings closed on Monday evening."

Nothing now remained but the preparations for departure. Twenty-five years of toil and exile were past. The vigor of their life had been given to Christ's work in foreign lands, and now they were going home to Christian America. Worn and sick, 'tis true, but loving hearts were waiting to receive them. Care and comfort, and love and rest, were before them. Did not their pulses thrill with joy at the delightful thought? Ah! home is where the heart is, and theirs were in the Master's work in Burma, in Tavoy. Exquisitely tender and pathetic is the story of the decision and the leave taking as penned by Mr. Wade. He tells us of the decision made by the brethren of the mission, which, though blindness threatened, they felt that they could not make themselves, of their own sorrow, of the Karens who came to mourn with them, and adds:

"At length the hour of parting came. We commended the mission and each other to God, gave each other a tremulous hand, and sighed, Farewell. At Maulmain we were detained four weeks. We did not regret it. We loved to linger on missionary fields. It also gave us a precious season of intercourse with precious friends. There was Dr. Judson, who had resided for years in our family, and we had but one heart in mission work. There was brother Mason, with whom we had been most happily associated for thirteen years. There were Burmese Christians, the fruit of early labors in Maulmain. There were other brethren and sisters whom we dearly loved, but the time came for us to depart. We gathered at the mercy seat, commended each other to God in prayer, and moved to the wharf. It seemed much like our own funeral procession. Soon, the scene changed. Every loved one had disappeared, and we were launched on the broad ocean, with the one cheerful consideration, 'Such is the will of God.'"

They left Maulmain, December, 1847, and reached Boston, via St. Helena, July 31st, 1848.

EVENTIDE.

"Yes, my native land, I love thee
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Yet I hasten from you gladly,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
Pleased I say, Farewell, Farewell."

Two years fled on rapid wing. Years of quiet rest with cherished friends, in pleasant Christian homes. Much of the time had been spent in the family of her sister, the home also of her aged mother. The questions that had burdened their hearts were being solved. "Have we strength to bear the long journey home," they had asked, "and will our health, at our time of life, be so improved by the change, that it will be thought advisable to send us back again?" The desire of their heart had been granted them, and, though their sun had passed its meridian to life's western slope, they turned with youthful ardor to their chosen field of toil once more.

The meetings of the Union held at Buffalo, in 1850, were of exceeding interest. The presence of four new, and four returning missionaries and their wives, added much to this interest, and the last half day will be remembered as one of the most tender and soul-subduing, in which we are permitted in this world to engage. During the meeting, Mrs. Wade addressed an audience of ladies for the last time. It was a season to be long remembered.

In 1829, Mr. Judson wrote, at Maulmain:

"I have been engaged in revision. Brother and Sister Wade have done all the itinerating, and many interesting tales they tell at evening, though I believe they put very little on paper."

This is characteristic. Their life was filled with noiseless

labor for souls, and at this last visit, so far as possible, Mrs. Wade secured the destruction of all her letters, saying, that her poor work was not worth recalling after she was gone to rest. Scarcely a half dozen escaped, so that the story of her early life has been gleaned largely from items already in print. For the remaining years we turn less to official reports, and more to the overflowing of a heart full of tender sympathy, in the confidences of personal friendship.

Seventeen missionaries left our shores in company, July 25, 1850, on the "Washington Allston," and reached Maulmain, January 22d, 1851. Mrs. Wade wrote on board ship, to her sister:

"O! how does my heart cling with love inexpressible to that sweet precious home, we were permitted so highly to enjoy during our stay in our dear native land. Often do I think of you all, one by one, and my heart rises in gratitude to God for the blessing of such friends here, and the brighter prospect of living with you all together in heaven. But, should the dear girls fail of reaching that happy place. O! how could we enjoy the bright glories of Heaven without them? And yet, we know we should all say amen to the righteous sentence 'Depart' if they should choose this vain world for their portion, after the Savior has given His precious life to redeem them. We regretted our long detention at the Cape, as we all felt anxious to reach the field of our labors. Poor sister Bronson buried her sweet little babe there. I think I told you that brethren Vinton and Kincaid, and their families, nine in all, have left our ship, and taken passage in a fine English steamer for Calcutta. We were strongly advised to do the same, but we felt very reluctant to take the money so much needed for the poor heathen, for our own comfort, so we concluded to buy such things as would have saved our health at first, and go on, hoping for the best. Thus far we have reason to be satisfied."

The mission at Tavoy had been reinforced during their absence, and now, on their return, the pastoral care of the Burman church in Maulmain was transferred to Mr. Wade. The change was suitable, as devolving on him relations, and duties, becoming his seniority in age, and his standing in the Burmese mission. Owing to the unsettled pastoral relations of the church for several years, its condition required careful investigation, and eight were excluded.

In July, Mrs. Wade wrote:

"Do not think my pleasant visit home, has destroyed my missionary spirit. I was never more interested in the work than now. Mr. Wade has charge of a church numbering one hundred and thirty, besides a branch of thirty or forty at Amherst, twenty-five miles away. It is composed of Burmans, as the Karens live in the interior. He holds seven meetings every week, besides visits, and has the care of seven Burman preachers, who go daily preaching the gospel through the city and surrounding villages. Two of them are supported by the church, who keep their chapel lighted, cleaned, and in repair, and support the poor among the disciples, they do this cheerfully, though most of the members are very poor.

"The work here is not so trying to health, as traveling in the jungles, and we feel that a kind providence has marked our lot. My health has improved very much, since the rainy season closed. I am happy to be able to do more now, than at any time since our return. I have a female prayer meeting every Wednesday, a Bible class on the Sabbath, enquirers every forenoon, visiting the sick, etc., and, every morning, I rise just as the day begins to dawn, and, with my little lantern, walk some distance to the Burman chapel, where I meet a band of Burmese sisters for prayer. After we had offered our united prayers about a month, enquirers began to come in. I am very happy in my work, and have now four in my morning meetings, that I feel the Lord has given me as my spiritual children. I have already my hundred fold for coming back to Burma. We both see the hand of the Lord helping us through our trials as a church. Our last communion was a blessed season."

"Jan. 11th, 1852. We have prospect of war again. Mr. Kincaid and family had to flee from Rangoon and live on board ship."

"21st. Fighting has commenced. All foreigners have left Rangoon. Mr. Kincaid and family, seven in all, are with us, and will go to housekeeping on this side the river, till things are more settled in Rangoon."

"Our dear sister Bennett has been staying with us the last three months, preparing to take her last child to America, and then, to leave all her seven children, and come back *alone* to her husband and her work. Could you, dear sister, do as much for Christ?"

"May 14th. Thirteen have been baptized since we came here. In my last, I mentioned the war between the English and the Burmans. We have been mercifully protected from all harm, and are now better guarded by troops, and we hope the way is opening for the spread of the gospel through all Burma. Here, surrounded by the comforts of life, we often think of the last war, with all its terrors, and of the years of privation and suffering that followed, and are very thankful that our path is made so easy in outward things, now, in our declining years. I wish you could look into my front room. Every body says I make my home look very cheerful, though my furniture is very cheap and plain. My floor is much rougher and blacker than your kitchen, but it looks clean, and my plain cherry table is bright with pretty pots of flowers, books, maps, etc.

The melodeon on one side, a small covered table on the other, two plain cherry stands in corners, hold two Burmese bound boxes, and a few chairs make the room very pleasant without carpet, or rug, or curtain."

The war closed in December, 1852, with the annexation of Pegu to British India, and united in one continuous sea-board of British possessions, Arracan, Pegu, and Tenasserim, commanding the outlets of the Irrawaddy, Salwen, and Sitang, and extended northward to Mandelay. Three millions of people were thus emancipated from one of the most oppressive and heartless governments in Asia. Soon Toungoo, Shwaygyeen, Henthada and Prome, were occupied as mission stations.

The theological school had been paralyzed by the war, and by disease, and was discontinued in 1852. This was now reopened with fourteen pupils, and given in charge of Mr. Wade. The pupils increased in numbers and piety, and gave great satisfaction in their progress. In April, 1855, Mrs. Wade wrote:

"We have now twenty-four pupils studying for the ministry, and expect more soon. We feel that our time was never better employed, for there are many Karen churches begging us to send them pastors. One of our ordained preachers from Tavoy has been, for eighteen months, in the new and distant station called Toungoo, where the Holy Spirit has been poured out wonderfully, and he has baptized nine hundred happy converts, and the work still goes on. No white missionary has ever seen that field so ripe for the harvest. Bro. Whitaker is just starting for that region, to be gone a month. *We* should have been there long ago, but our health is quite unequal for the journey. Brethren Mason and Harris have both been in Toungoo, but did not see one of these Karen villages. We have constant correspondence with San Quala, the preacher stationed there, and have full confidence in his work. We have seven young men from Toungoo, with us, studying for the ministry. Another Karen preacher has baptized five or six hundred. We are sending our pupils to aid them. Four went from our school last year, and we hope to send as many more at the close of this term. Don't you think we are happy in seeing so many whom we trained at Tavoy, able to become pastors of churches? We are passing through severe trials as a mission. Pray for us, that, while God is so blessing the work, Satan may not be permitted to hinder it."

"July, 1855. Forty-eight entered the Theological school, and about

sixty the Normal. We have been much cheered in the work of helping them to get a knowledge of the blessed Bible, that they may impart it to others, who are crying 'Come over and help us.' About fifteen hundred have been baptized in regions just opened to us by the war, by one Karen preacher who was educated in his own sweet language, in Tavoy. In other regions a glorious work is going on. The Lord is giving us 'the heathen for an inheritance.' The young men with us must be fed while studying. They are willing to live poor, and we are living poor, and our usual supplies do not come from Boston. Must they go back to their rice fields, and these new churches be left without native pastors? Do ask the brethren if they are letting go the rope when the well is so deep and the waters of life are springing up in such rich abundance. Dear brethren, are you letting go at such a time as this?"

"Jan., 1856. I wish the friends at home could see the ragged clothes these fine young preachers have, while preparing to go to the many flocks calling for shepherds. All our large scholars are in the jungle, for want of means to feed them, while the cry for preachers is heart-rending. The people are going back to their superstitions because they have none to lead them, and the young men longing to preach the gospel, are in the jungle, with none to instruct them in the Bible, because we can not give them plain food. Two hundred are ready to enter the ministry had they the needed instruction. *These* are the *keen* trials of our missionary life."

For a little while the school was suspended for lack of funds, but was again opened by the aid of personal friends in Burma and America. From their own salary, the Wades, through all these years, while supplies were being affected by financial troubles in the home fields, and from other causes, supported two of the young preachers entirely.

"Oct., 1858. We daily pray, that, when the Master calls for us, we may still be found at our post, at work. We desire to be ready for any path He may mark for us. Should one of us be left alone and in feeble health, we might feel it duty to return to our friends, and not take the time of missionaries to care for us. Many are going home, sick, and others are falling on the field, and no new ones are sent to our aid. Satan is pressing us hard, and has succeeded in dividing our little band, so that we are weak indeed, but our Captain is with us and we are sure of victory at last. Truly, I tremble for the Christians in America, who draw back from such a work as the Lord is now carrying on in the country of the Karens. Do ask the sisters, who think jewelry and expensive clothing necessary, while so little is left for the enlightenment of the heathen, how they think their sisters here must feel, to see so many precious converts, begging for a Bible to guide them, and not be able to supply the want."

In May, 1859, Dr. Binney returned from America, when the Theological school was removed from Maulmain to Rangoon, and placed again in his care, and Mr. Wade gave his whole time to the preparation of books for the use of the mission. This change brought to Mrs. Wade, as well as to her husband, release from many cares, and she wrote:

"If we have been enabled to labor faithfully and with some measure of success for more than thirty-five years, in this good work, we attribute much to the encouragement we have received from the friends we have left behind, and especially to their prayers. And now that our poor labors are nearly finished, we look forward with sure and humble hope to those bright mansions above, where, through grace alone, we expect soon to rejoice together with those precious children whom the Lord has given us in this dark land.

'Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones
Inscribed with Jesus' name.'

"I feel it a great mercy, an undeserved blessing, that the physical, and especially the nervous debility, induced by long residence in this hot climate, is seldom permitted to dim the fair prospect of heavenly glory. As I approach nearer and nearer the dark waters, the mild light from the other side falls more and more upon my pathway. *My courage* may fail when called to go over; but *Christ* will not fail the soul which trusts humbly, penitently and believingly in His rich free grace."

In a letter to her sister, in 1859, she wrote:

"'In every thing give thanks,' said Paul, and I am happy to say, the prevailing feeling of my heart, for a long time has been thankfulness. My health has not been very good for several months past, but the most of the time I have not suffered much pain. Though much alone, I have many interesting books sent me by friends, which have helped me spend my hours of weakness, on my home-made sofa, by my window, very pleasantly.

"Are you not glad we can have glass windows and a board house, now that we are old and feeble? Mr. Wade is stronger than I, and works his regular hours with comfort. I too have my little meetings with native sisters, and try to do good to those who come to our house. I feel that my situation is a very favorable one to watch and pray and trim my lamp, and be ready to go."

A year later, she says:

"A letter from Boston, directed Mr. Wade to pull off our house roof of bamboo and leaves, and put on one of timber and shingles, which are now made here, in the steam saw mills, and now we have such a nice roof over our heads, as we never had before in this country."

"June 20, 1863. This day finishes our forty years of missionary life. What a life of changes and parting scenes mine has been. I am thankful all has been blessed to make me feel I have a home only in heaven."

"Oct. 1st. We have news from America about a month old. [The telegraph had reached Calcutta.] Two overland mails, every month, with letters and papers, that come in about two months.

"When we first came to Burma, they were from six to eight months in reaching us. So we are blessed in these last days. My health is feeble, my strength failing, but without disease, and I was never happier in my life. I seem to live on the pleasant banks of Jordan, often getting sweet views of the land on the other side, and have no doubts or fears about crossing over. If you think I enjoy all this because I have done some great work, or become very good, you will greatly dishonor our blessed Saviour, who knows that I am one of the most undeserving, and that my poor work has been all sin-defiled. All I enjoy is from His rich free grace, and all my hope is in being united with Christ, that I may be partaker of His holiness. When we become so acquainted with Christ as to see ourselves all sinful and hateful in comparison with Him, we are prepared to prize the blessed robe of His righteousness. And thus, adopted into His family, and loved, not because we are good, but because we are His children, we begin truly to love Him, and to enjoy that peace which nothing can disturb. These are my views in my last days, and they are precious realities to me. O! how we shall love to talk of this wondrous grace of Christ, as we walk the golden streets together."

"Jan., 1864. We tremble when a mail arrives, lest we hear of bitter sorrow among those dear to us. Our prayers and sympathies, could not have been greater for our dear country had we always lived under its good government. We daily pray for the removal of slavery and the close of this terrible war."

During their residence at Maulmain, they did not forget the mission at Tavoy. They welcomed its missionaries to their home while studying the language, and cheered them by their counsels as they went to their work. One of these, Rev. Thomas Allen, whose heart is still in the foreign work, gives a delightful picture of the reception given by the native Christians at the house of Brother and Sister Wade, and under her direction, to the "deputation" and others who went out in 1852, and says of her:

"She was habitually cheerful, she always wore a pleasant smile, and, however exhausted, cared always for every want of others before her own. 'Never to be weary in well-doing,' seemed to be her motto. She met us on our arrival with a most hearty welcome, and from that mo-

ment took Mrs. Allen under her special care, and became to her all that a mother could be. We spent four months under her hospitable roof, and the intimate friendship there commenced, never ceased till she was called to her home above."

We are favored with the privilege of a few extracts from her correspondence. Soon after their arrival she wrote to Mrs. Allen's mother:

"As your beloved daughter is now with us, and we are beginning to love her as a daughter, I thought that you might like to hear from me that she and her husband are in fine health, and though her eyes fill with tears, at mention of the dear home she has left, she is very cheerful, and has made a good beginning in the language. We hope to keep them with us for a time that she may study free from care, and if her health, fails, I will do all I can to be a mother to her. Tavoy is our old home, a pleasant station, and I am sure Mrs. Thomas and your daughter, will love each other like sisters, and our beloved sister Bennett will be like a mother to them both. They enter the missionary life when all the common comforts of life are within reach, and they will not have to live alone as many of us did years ago. You will often think of those who have found an early grave in Burma, but a good number have been spared to labor fifteen or twenty years, and we have been here nearly thirty, and, could I choose again, I would spend them all in Burma."

To Mrs. Allen, in 1855:

"My dear sister. Through Mrs. Knapp we have been hearing all about our old home. I feel much interested in your school, and can tell you for your encouragement, that the dear departed sister Mason was blessed in the conversion of several souls, in connection with a small day school. She used to devote an hour daily, while baby was asleep, to a class in some Bible lesson and in talking to them of Christ. And *prayer* was answered. I trust your labors will be blessed. The natives need daily instruction, to keep the subject of repentance before their minds until deeply impressed, and your school is a very favorable place for such efforts. Please tell me if any one of the pupils appear to be serious.

"Sep., 1856.—How lonely you must feel. How anxious about your husband's health. How I wish you were in our little prophet's chamber, while he is in Rangoon. He looks much changed. I fear he can not bear this climate; if not better from this change I think he ought to go home. I am sure this state of suspense must be very trying to you as well as to him. I have been sighing as I wrote this over the sad intelligence of Sister Harris's death. How little I thought of ever living to write it."

In 1859, Mr. and Mrs. Allen were obliged to return home, and the next year Mr. Cross left to help in the harvest fields around Toungoo, leaving the Tavoy mission entirely in the care of native pastors. The experiment was premature and the cause declined. Mr. and Mrs. Colburn were assigned to the place in 1864, and the Wades accompanied them. In Jan., 1864, Mrs. Wade dates from the "sweet Tavoy home :"

"We came here about two months ago, to assist our new missionaries in making a beginning in their new field. They are sent to the Karens in their jungle villages, which we are not able to visit as in former years, but we find so much to do, in this large Burman city, that we have about concluded to remain here, and give them one more call to repent, and believe on Him who alone can save them. Mr. Wade has made one visit with Mr. Colbbrn to Mata, the Karen village, that was once our home. The dear Karens came after them with their elephants, and I wish you could have seen them when they returned with quite a party on five huge elephants, by torch light, in the evening. I wish still more you could see these dear loving Karens, who have been redeemed from this mass of heathenism. These dear children whom the Lord has given us, you *will* know and love them by and by.

"This morning Mr. Wade and Mr. Colburn have gone up the river to a Karen Association. You will be surprised that I stay behind, especially when I tell you how much I wanted to go, and how the dear Karens begged to be allowed to prepare an easy chair and carry me every step of the way. But it was important that the men should both go, and Mrs. Colburn with her delicate babe, and almost unacquainted with the language, could not be left alone."

"Jan., 1866.—We have suffered much since I last wrote, in the illness of my dear husband. Having no physician nearer than Maulmain, it has been very trying to me, though he has been so sweetly patient, and continually said, I did all for him that any doctor could have done. Brother and Sister Colburn have been as kind as friends can be, and at Bro. Hibbard's request we at last went to them at Maulmain for medical advice. We returned much improved in health, and are very happy in our work here."

"Jan. 10th, 1866.—You think of me, dear sister, to-day, as it is mine and Theresa's birthday. If *time* is reckoned in heaven, the happy day of her entrance into the joy of her Lord, must be her birthday there, must it not? How delightful it will be to meet her there and all the loved ones who have gone. But the altogether lovely One will be the chief attraction of heaven.

"I have one of the best of husbands. He has long since been enabled to rise above the fears and doubts, with which Satan so troubled him in

earlier life, and is now a very happy, cheerful Christian. He grows more gentle and affectionate and indulgent every year, and with presents of books, and a supply of papers, we never feel the want of society. In trying to do good to the poor people around us, we find our time pleasantly occupied, and cannot often find as much time to read together as we wish."

Mr. Colburn remained but a year, when he was obliged to leave on account of ill health, but the Wades remained and labored on. Mrs. Wade still kept her Sunday-School, her class of boys, her woman's meeting, as in earlier days. The Spirit of God was with them. Eleven boys in the school requested baptism. A subdued feeling seemed to pervade every breast. The following year sixty were baptized.

In a letter written Dec., 1866, to Heman Lincoln, Treasurer of the Miss. Union, Mrs. Wade says:

"We are now quite alone, trying to defend this outpost for Immanuel's invading army, as our beloved Bro. Colburn's health has failed and he has been absent now nearly two months. Our Governor and family are absent visiting distant villages, so there is not, besides ourselves, a single white face in the city. We feel, most of all, the want of a physician, lest sickness should come. But the great Physician is with us, and we are joyful in Him. We often look back to this month in 1823, when we first landed in Burma, and the beloved Judson gave us that cordial greeting, and said, 'We have now eighteen precious souls, redeemed from the power of the great adversary, and, although they are scattered abroad, and have no Fort of Defence, yet we have the *sure* and *faithful promises of God* for the future.' How faithfully those promises have been fulfilled to us, you well know. When those first dark days in Rangoon and Ava came upon us, though we had no fort on earth for refuge, we had the Strong Tower to which the righteous flee, and we were kept safe. And we live to see not merely eighteen, but eighteen thousand in our ranks, and, without the camp, tens of thousands from whom we constantly receive recruits; and who has numbered those loved ones who have been called up higher, whom Christ will bring with Him, when He comes to the grand review. Continue to pray for us, my brother, as we do for you, until our poor prayers are turned to praise."

That change was near. Her days of active work for Christ were almost ended. Her sun of life drew near its setting, and to her waiting soul the word of the Lord was verified, "At evening time it shall be light." In Jan., 1868, her health began

seriously to decline, and she soon recognized it as her last illness. Relief was sought, by change of locality, and sea air, and, with her husband she went by Mergui to Maulmain. She returned more feeble than when she left. Medical aid from the first, afforded only partial and transient relief. Her physician died in April, and from that time, she was without medical treatment. For a time in May she slowly improved, but the rains, which usually commence by the middle of May, were withheld until the tenth of June. Under the intense heat, the violence of her disease (diarrhœa) increased rapidly. The ninth of June, in the afternoon, they thought her dying. The cool of the evening revived her, and she said that she should not die yet, though it seemed to those about her, she could not survive the night. "Apparently in the very arms of death," wrote Mr. Wade, from whose journal we sketch this account:

"She lay peaceful and happy, gazing at the coming glory. She was too weak to talk much, but every word she uttered, showed that all was peace and triumph within. She said she longed to be with Christ, to behold His glory, to be all pure and holy as the spirits of the just made perfect. All that disturbed her tranquility was my sadness. She said that I ought to be cheerful, but, alas, I could not be so. She was quiet through the night, and in the morning, the immediate symptoms of departure had passed away.

"The few native Christians whom we have in town, are very kind, but are so unaccustomed to European habits, that they know not how to render the aid they would. There is not a single European friend on whom we can call, and they see the exigency of the case, and are very earnest in their prayers, that their beloved mama may recover, or if not, that she may be spared until missionary aid could come from Maulmain or Rangoon, or, at least, until the close of the rains, which have now begun. Mrs. Wade is quite resigned to the circumstances, and would not have them different if she could. Her calmness is very wonderful to me. With her own hands she has prepared her grave clothes, and made every other arrangement that could be made beforehand for her last sleep, and for my comfort when she can be no longer with me."

"June 18th.—This evening she said, she felt such a peace as she had never known before, or had any conception of. Though the body endured great weariness and discomfort, there was no acute pain, and she felt as if she were lying at the feet of Jesus, like an infant on a mat

at its mother's feet, content with just looking up into the mother's face. Again she spoke of the wonderful peace she enjoyed. To me, she says, 'the world is all left behind, the glory of heaven is before me,' I am amazed at the grace that makes her so content with her circumstances, with no European but myself, and none of the comforts necessary to the sick room. Her mind is most tranquil. She says she is on the rock Christ Jesus, and the waves that dash around cannot reach her. It gives her pain to see my grief at the prospect of losing her. Indeed I ought not to grieve. It does seem unreasonable selfishness. I do pray constantly for grace to say to her, Farewell, go to Jesus, He calls you, His is the highest claim, go and be happy. Still nature cries, not yet, not yet."

"Sabbath. Mrs. Wade is more feeble, but would not allow me to stay with her during the time for public worship. She entreats me not to let depression of spirits hinder me from attending usual meetings or performing any missionary duty, and urges me to aim constantly to feed Christ's sheep and lambs, and maintain a cheerful trust in God."

"23rd.—She seemed stronger and more able to converse. She spoke of past and present experiences, and of the value to her of her later years. She said she had again and again reviewed the past, and had been sometimes overwhelmed with the thought that her life had been a complete failure, as to doing any real good even to these poor heathen. But at the same time, she says, I see the love of God so abounding, that all doubts of my acceptance are at once removed. Indeed she seemed almost to rejoice at her own nothingness, that the grace of God might be magnified thereby.

"After a comfortable night, she said, 'This morning while dozing, I seemed to be singing, 'O! bear me, ye cherubim, up, and waft me away to His throne.' Again 'Our season of evening worship was very pleasant to me.' 'Tell sister Mary when I have sufficient strength to meditate, my mind is exhilarated as though I almost hear the songs of angels all around me. Buoyancy of spirit when in perfect health, and all is joyous, cannot equal the happiness I feel. The prayers of Quala are keeping me back from heaven. Though longing to go, I am willing to stay if the Lord wills it. All is peace, such peace as none can comprehend without personal experience. It seems like heaven begun.

"Lying on her bed, she spoke of the delightful views she had had of heaven, and of the happiness she anticipated in the society of loved ones from whom she is now separated, she said, 'Tell sister Mary how much I want to write and tell her of the blissful foretastes I constantly enjoy of the coming glory, but I am not able and must wait till we meet above. My mind has for years past been preparing for its present happy state. I have had, and still have a most humiliating sense of my own sinfulness, but, at the same time I have daily felt that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin, and His righteousness covers me all over like a garment."

And so, trusting in Christ's perfect righteousness, with no society, save the few native Christians, and her afflicted husband, who was himself seized with a nervous fever in August, no physician, nor nurse, nor fresh bread, nor other seeming necessaries of the sick room, she remained, through all the summer and early autumn, content, thankful, happy; her spirit sustained by unseen hands, till prayer was answered, the rains were past, when, borne on the bright October air, there fell, on the stricken husband's ear, one word of parting, and, after a few hours of unconscious breathing, the earthward "glimpses of glory" were merged in the full splendor of heaven's eternal day.

The commissioner, with his family and physician, had returned to the fort, and kindly superintended all the preparations for the funeral. Her remains were laid to rest in the burial ground of the English Church. Everything was done by the English officials, that could be done at Tavoy, and the next day, Mr. Norris, a missionary brother, arrived from Maulmain.

The beautiful life of our sainted sister, so imperfectly outlined, needs no word of comment. If these pages shall waken in any heart a desire for "a closer walk with God," if any young Christian, through this brief record of a holy life, is made stronger for service, and, especially if it leads any to find, and perform the work yet waiting for willing hearts and hands, in heathen lands, the object of this sketch will have been accomplished.